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NATIVE of the Solomons, from an illustration in Caroline Mytinger's new book . . . (See page 7)

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*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# The Skin of Whose Teeth?

## *The Strange Case of Mr. Wilder's New Play and "Finnegans Wake"*

JOSEPH CAMPBELL and HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

WHILE thousands cheer, no one has yet pointed out that Mr. Thornton Wilder's exciting play, "The Skin of Our Teeth," is not an entirely original creation, but an Americanized re-creation, thinly disguised, of James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." Mr. Wilder himself goes out of his way to wink at the knowing one or two in the audience, by quoting from and actually naming some of his characters after the main figures of Joyce's masterpiece. Important plot elements, characters, devices of presentation, as well as major themes and many of the speeches, are directly and frankly imitated, with but the flimsiest veneer to lend an American touch to the original features.

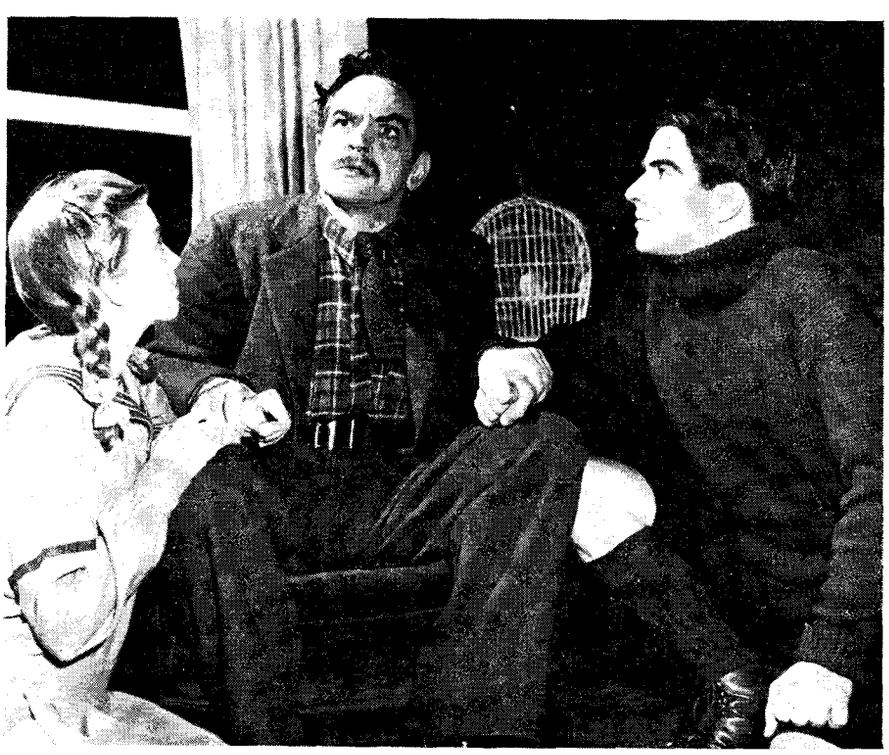
"The Skin of Our Teeth" takes its circular form from "Finnegans Wake," closing and opening with the cycle-renewing, river-running thought-stream of the chief female character. The main divisions of the play are closed by periodic catastrophes (ice-age, deluge, war), devices which are borrowed from the cosmic dissolutions of "Finnegans Wake." Furthermore, Mr. Antrobus, Thornton Wilder's hero, is strangely reminiscent of Joyce's protagonist, H. C. Earwicker, "that homogenius man," who has endured throughout all the ages of the world, though periodically overwhelmed by floods, wars, and other catastrophes. The activities, talents, and troubles of the two characters have significant resemblances. In both works they are Adam, All-Father of the world. They are tireless inventors and land-conquerors; both are constantly sending communiques back home; both run for election, broadcast to the world, and are seen in television. Moreover, their characters have been impugned. In each case the hero repudiates the charges against him, but the secret guilt which each seeks to hide is constantly betrayed by slips of the tongue. To add to the long list of similarities, both are seduced under extenuating circumstances by a couple of temptresses, and are forever "raping home" the women of the Sabines.

Sabine leads both authors to Sabina, the name of Mr. Wilder's housekeeper, who has been "raped home" by Mr. Antrobus from one of his war expeditions. Her prototype is the garrulous housekeeper of "Finnegans Wake." "He raped her home," says Joyce, "Sabrine asthore, in a parakeet's cage, by dredgerous lands and devious delts" (p. 197). To this delicious Joycean line Mr. Wilder is apparently indebted for his rape theme and the name of the Antrobus housekeeper.

The conversation between Mrs. Antrobus and Sabina in Act I carries the lilt of the Anna Livia Plurabelle chapter, and rehearses some of its themes, notably the patience of the wife while younger love beguiles her husband; and again, the little feminine attentions lavished on the man while he broods in melancholy (pp. 198-200).

The wonderful letter which the wife of Mr. Antrobus throws into the ocean at the close of Act II—that letter which would have told him all the secrets of her woman's heart and would have revealed to him the mystery of why the universe was set in motion—is precisely the puzzling missive of "Finnegans Wake," tossed into the sea, buried in the soil, ever-awaited, ever half-found, ever reinterpreted, misinterpreted, multifariously over-and-under interpreted, which continually twinkles, with its life-riddle, through every page of Joyce's work.

In Mr. Wilder's play, the wife's name is Maggy—which is one of her names in "Finnegans Wake" (p. 111). She has borne innumerable children—again see "Finnegans Wake" (p. 201). Her daughter aspires to powder and rouge and fancies herself in silks ("Finnegans Wake," pp. 143-148). The two sons, Cain and Abel, the abomin-



**Frances Heflin, Frederic March, and Montgomery Clift in a scene from Thornton Wilder's new comedy, "The Skin of Our Teeth."**



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ated and the cherished, supply a fraticidal battle-theme that throbs through the entire play, precisely as it does in "Finnegans Wake." Cain in both works is a peeping-tom and publisher of forbidden secrets. In Mr. Wilder's work he spies on and speaks out about the love-makings in the beach cabana. In Joyce's, he tattles the whole story of the love life of his parents (pp. 241-244).

THE ingenious and very amusing scene at the close of Act I in which Tallulah Bankhead turns to the audience and begs for wood—chairs, bric-a-brac, anything at all—with which to feed the fire that will preserve humanity during the approaching ice-age, is a clever re-rendering of a passage in Finnegans Wake. In Joyce's work, when elemental catastrophe has almost annihilated mankind, the heroine goes about gathering into her knapsack various odds and ends, to be reanimated by the fire of life. As Joyce puts it: "She'll loan a vesta (*i.e.*, borrow a light) and hire some peat and sarch the shores her cockles to heat and she'll do all a turfwoman can . . . to puff the blaziness on" (p. 12). Mr. Wilder here follows Joyce's lead even to the point of having his actress borrow a light with which to ignite the preserving hearth.

There are, in fact, no end of meticulous unacknowledged copyings. At the entrance of Mr. Antrobus, for instance: his terrific banging at the door duplicates the fantastic thumpings of Joyce's hero at the gate of his own home (see page 63-64) where he is arrested for thus disturbing the peace of the whole community. The great swathing of scarfs and wrappings, which Mr. Antrobus removes when he comes in, follows the mode of Joyce's hero who is characteristically enveloped in no end of costumery. In the famous passage on page 35, HCE is seen in heaped-up attire: "caoutchouc kepi and great belt and hideinsacks and his blaufunx fustian and ironsides jackboots and Bhagafat gaiters and his rubberized inverness." Perhaps the chief difference between the protean HCE and the rigid Mr. Antrobus is revealed when the latter's wrappings are removed, leaving only a thin reminder of Joyce's grotesque folk-hero.

Throughout the work there are innumerable minor parallelisms. The razzing which Mr. Antrobus endures at the Shriners' Convention repeats the predicament of H. C. Earwicker throughout Book II, Chapter III (pp. 309-382). "The Royal Divorce" theme of "Finnegans Wake" reappears in the wish of Mr. Antrobus to be divorced from his wife. Neither of the heroes achieves his end; the wish itself being liquidated by catastrophe. The fortune-teller in Act II plays the role of Joyce's heroine, A.L.P. who assigns to all at the Masquerade the tokens of their fate (pp. 207-215). Later Mr. Wilder's gypsy coaches the seductress of Mr. Antrobus, just as "Grandma Grammar" in "Finnegans Wake" teaches Isabelle how to "decline and conjugate" young men (pp. 268-270). Trivia-wise, the key-word "commodius" occurs in the second line of "Finnegans Wake" and within the first two minutes of "The Skin of Our Teeth." Finally, at the end of Mr. Wilder's play, the Hours pass across the stage intoning sublime instructions. This is a device conspicuous both in "Ulysses" and in "Finnegans Wake." Many further similarities could be cited.

IT is a strange performance that Mr. Wilder has turned in. Is he hoaxing us? On the one hand, he gives no credit to his source, masking it with an Olsen and Johnson technique. On the other hand, he makes no attempt to conceal his borrowings, emphasizing them rather, sometimes even stressing details which with a minimum of ingenuity he could have suppressed or altered. But if puzzlement strikes us here, it grows when we consider the critics—those literary advisors who four years ago dismissed "Finnegans Wake" as a literary abortion not worth the modern reader's time, yet today hail with rave-notices its Broadway reaction. The banquet was rejected but the Hellzapoppin's scrap that fell from the table they clutch to their bosom. Writes Alexander Woollcott, "Thornton Wilder's dauntless and heartening comedy stands head and shoulders above anything ever written for our stage." And why not, since in inception and detail the work springs from that "dauntless and heartening" genius, James Joyce!

*Joseph Campbell is a teacher at Sarah Lawrence College.*

*Henry Morton Robinson is a Senior Editor of The Reader's Digest. They have been for three years working jointly on "A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake." Mr. Robinson's "Fantastic Interim," an interpretative history of America from Versailles to Pearl Harbor, will be published next spring by Harcourt, Brace.*

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# A Negro Looks at the Negro Press

WARREN H. BROWN

NOTE: *This article is published under the auspices of the Council for Democracy. Mr. Brown is Director of Negro Relations for that organization.*

MY race in the United States can be divided into two groups: Negroes and sensation-mongering Negro leaders. So much is heard from some of the latter that the former are often ignored and more often misunderstood. That is bad for the Negro. It is bad for the white. It creates the impression that the Negro who speaks loudest and most is representative of most Negroes. That, happily for all of us, is not the case.

I was born in the South and raised in the Midwest. I taught in a southern Negro college. I have now lived for twenty years in various northern Negro communities. During that time I have come to know the northern Negro, his problems, and his leaders.

The Negro that I know, North and South, is not what his agitator-leaders say that he is and want him to be. Despite the desperate times that he has lately been through and the all-out effort from certain quarters to turn his bad times to disruptive account, he has not been swept off his American balance. That is fortunate for America. Because it is fortunate for America, it is fortunate for the Negro. Despite his sometimes snail's-pace progress, the Negro knows that in America—for the long pull—he can't lose.

But the drive to embitter and unbalance him, which began during the depression under Communist auspices, has gained momentum with American entrance into the war. Nowhere is that drive being so aggressively promoted as in the incendiary columns of the Negro press.

Most Negro newspapers are what they condemn the most prejudiced whites for being. They are Negro first and American second. They foster segregation by aiming to make all Negroes race-conscious before they are America-conscious. They feed and prosper by sensationally playing up the Negro at his worst. When they publish news of the white community, it is generally an account of the white man at his worst. Every incident that can be used to breed ill-will between the races is seized upon. If the incident is important, they play it up sensationally. If it is trivial, they inflate it until it seems important. In season and out, they present a distorted, dishonest picture of America—and of the progress, place, and opportunity of the Negro in it. Of course, there are some notable exceptions, Negro newspapers that are edited with exceptional skill and high ethical standards.

When a Negro runs seriously afoul of the law, the Negro press seldom stops to ask the facts. It goes to town in flaming headlines to turn the matter to race-rousing account.

Recently, in New York City, a demented Negro attempting to escape arrest was shot by a white policeman. *The People's Voice*—Harlem newspaper—did not wait for an official investigation. It chose to ignore the fact that, under the Police Commissioner and courts of New York, a fair trial can be assured. Instead, this paper broke out its blackest type for a "police brutality" story. Behind the story was the editor of the paper, Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., a Baptist minister and New York City Councilman. The Rev. Mr. Powell called for "mass action." The kind of language he used made it plain that what he was asking for was mob action. He went further than that and—in a Negro parody of the Ku Klux Klan—cried out for the Negroes of Harlem to take the law in their own hands:

"We Won't Take It Any Longer," his editorial declared. "We refuse to be law-abiding citizens if there are to be special laws for Negro people.

"This is the final warning. If the officials of New York don't make the laws the same for all people, they must accept full blame for any consequences."

—*SRL-Arni Photo*
**Warren H. Brown**

In August three Negro soldiers on guard duty near a Louisiana town were accused of making improper advances to a white girl. They allegedly confessed. The case went to court. A jury found the soldiers guilty. Southern juries in such cases would hardly be called unprejudiced. But statements made by the accused pointed out their own disregard for military regulations and serious indiscretion to the well-established Southern sex taboo.

BUT the Negro press, from coast to coast, turned loose a typographical flood that left out nothing which might embitter and arouse the nation's Negroes.

"Southern Justice—Soldiers Found Guilty by White Jury," was the headline in the Los Angeles *Sentinel*.

"Torture Three Soldiers in Louisiana Scottsboro Case," ran the streamers in the Indianapolis *Recorder*.

"I Wanted to Serve My Country—They Wouldn't Let Me," was the played-up quote in the Houston, Texas, *Informer*.

"Parents Worry as Letters Tell of Possible Klan-Mob Violence," from the *Ohio State News*.

"Men Face All-White Jury in Frame-Up Case," from the San Antonio *Register*.

Recently reports were received in the United States of several incidents involving Negro troops in England. Some of the Negro weeklies without firsthand information twisted reports out of all proportions.

Just how the job was done can be gathered from the headlines in the *Amsterdam Star News* (New York City):

"U. S. Forces Britain to Jim Crow Troops."

"Churchill Puts Issue in Lap of Uncle Sam."

"Angry Parliament in Uproar over Vicious Treatment of Black Soldiers."

"Pacific Called 'White Man's War'."

It is true that the Negro does not yet, everywhere in the United States, receive adequate justice. It is true that American prejudices have been called forth among white troops in England. But the kind of justice for which the Negro strives is undoubtedly delayed by the Negro press. Its



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inflammatory attempts to indicate that the Negro never gets fair treatment, and its efforts—whether the Negro is right or wrong—to use his misfortunes, not to get justice but to arouse more violent racism, make the going more difficult for that great majority of white and black who are working for a more even-handed treatment of the Negro—not as a Negro, but as an American?

On no issue do the Negro papers get more quickly inflamed than the publication in white papers of Negro crime stories. Here, again, what the Negro press preaches it does not practise. Negro papers reek with stories of Negro violence and crime. These stories are not tucked away in the back pages. They are featured on the front pages.

"Bloody Wednesday—As Blazing Gunplay Drops Three on Avenue."

"Girl Roomer Kills Landlady."

"Stabbed 40 Times in Brooklyn Murder."

"Three-Cornered Love Is Bad Medicine, She Finds, as Bullet Spoils Plan."

"Dope Ring Leader Dies in East Side Brawl: Slayer Shoots 'Fat' in Heart after Knock-Down Stomping."

"Stabbing Victim Dies on Curb; Life Blood Oozes into Gutter as Girl-Slayer Flees."

"Five Wounded as Man Blasts Crowded Cafe in Old West Revival."

These are all Negro stories. They are not isolated headlines, but are a fair cross-section of "feature" news in numerous Negro papers. For giving a dishonest, discreditable picture of American Negro life, they are worse than the worst white newspaper. The average Negro newspaper portrays Negro life in burlesque.

No white community would any longer tolerate newspapers so blatantly sensational and hate-making. I do not believe that the Negro community can afford to continue to tolerate them. They give the lie to all that sane leaders of the race claim the Negro to be. They are a threat to what every honest, intelligent Negro wants to be.

In the larger centers of population, Negroes of high intelligence and skill are available to establish and publish newspapers that will be worthier representatives of the real mind and character of the American Negro. There is no greater opportunity before the Negro community than to undertake to establish such a press. Until it is established, every Negro—with any pride of race and any belief that his well-being and America's are inseparable—has a moral obligation, by protest and pressure, to demand less hate and sensationalism, more fairness and honesty in his press.

No one who has travelled, as I have recently, through the Negro communities in the great industrial centers of the North can fail to note with alarm the growing race tensions. Undoubtedly much of this tension is due to white prejudice against widening Negro employment. But the race clashes which in some places have already occurred, and the threats that remain in other places, are by no means wholly due to white prejudice. They are due also to an irresponsible Negro leadership which—living by agitation—aims to capitalize on the war.

The Negro newspapers are an effective media because they completely cover the Negro population. Relatively few whites read the Negro newspapers and the net result is a swelling up of emotional stress on the part of their audience. I am not advocating a muzzling of the Negro press, but it should not be encouraged to run at a venomous, hate-making pace.

# Hate in Human Affairs

*LOVE AGAINST HATE. By Karl Menninger, M.D. With the collaboration of Jeanetta Lyle Menninger. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1942. 292 pp. Source notes and Index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, *M.D.*

DR. MENNINGER, who wrote so well of love and hate in his book "Man Against Himself," returns in the present volume to present more examples of the role of these two primordial forces and to present at the same time an extension of his ideas concerning them. He has in fact written a psychoanalytic moral philosophy, which is implicit in the dualistic theory. For "this medicine, love" he finds "was prescribed by Jesus long before Donne and by Gautama Buddha long before Jesus." Freud has taught us to recognize the manifestations of unconscious love and hate and enabled science to bring itself to bear against destructiveness, whether the latter is aimed against the self or against others. Thus psychoanalysis may truly be said to implement the search for the good, and teachers and preachers must stand with analysts and learn from them.

Such instruction Dr. Menninger metes out throughout the book. He begins by telling of the frustrations of the child, then the frustrations of women, and the depreciation of femininity, as three classes of evil which psychoanalysis can deal with. Through many interesting and clarifying examples he shows how the destructive instinct works where it might naively be least suspected. To break the vicious circle, Dr. Menninger points out that we have the tool of sublimation, not, as has erroneously been thought, of sexual impulses, but of aggressive ones. A sublimation is a toning down of aggression by an alloy of love. Hence the manifestations of love, especially in childhood, are to be encouraged, no matter how odd they may seem, and Dr. Menninger inveighs against the destructive attitude which motivates asceticism no less than it does other enemies of love.

*—Photo by Ira L. Hill's Studio*
**Karl Menninger**

The main sublimations are work and play, to which Dr. Menninger devotes chapters. Here too the death instinct can gain the upper hand and turn these activities into instruments of suicide and frustration. Finally come three chapters on faith, hope, and love respectively. Faith may well serve as a bulwark against aggression, unless it is perverted to serve the destructive impulse, for which Dr. Menninger furnishes an interesting example in a letter of Cotton Mather. Hope is good as a manifestation of the will to live, and love is the final good.

To think, from this outline, that Dr. Menninger has merely rewritten the conventional ethics would be erroneous. For the case material, of which he presents much, shows how difficult it is to see evil, and ordinary conscience will not do it. In fact, what Dr. Menninger seems to suggest is that conscience as we know it needs supplanting by scientific insight.

As in his previous books many instructive clinical examples are given. As a collector and expositor of hate in human affairs, Dr. Menninger is coming to occupy the role played by Havelock Ellis with respect to the erotic life. The book, thus, is valuable for its train of ethical thought and for its empirical contribution.



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# With Notebook and Sketchbook

*HEADHUNTING IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS: Around the Coral Sea. By Caroline Mytinger. Illustrated by the author. New York: The Macmillan Company.* 1942. 416 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

THE literature of the Southwest Pacific has always been a fascinatingly varied assortment of fact and fiction but it is curious that the most interesting section of the Great Ocean has been the least well known. Alfred Russell Wallace and Conrad and some of the Netherlanders have done well by the East Indies and a host of writers from Melville to James Norman Hall have made the region of the Society and Paumotu Islands as familiar to Americans as the other side of the barn where cornsilk cigarettes are smoked. Melanesia, however, the "black islands" stretching from the 180th Meridian south of the equator some forty degrees, roughly 2400 miles, to the west, and including the Fiji group, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, the Queen Charlotte Islands, the Solomons, New Britain, and even, in a sense, a part of Papuan New Guinea, is so little a part of literature that most of what is written about it, for anything but scientific consumption, is written to exploit the fact that anything under the sun, no matter how preposterous, can be said without the reader knowing whether or not it is true.

We have Miss Caroline Mytinger and the present war to thank for a picture of Melanesia which is at once astonishing, entertaining, and valid. The war had nothing to do with Miss Mytinger's happy achievement except that by bringing the Solomon Islands and the Coral Sea into every American household it served to prepare a public for her. The public is as fortunate as Miss Mytinger. She had the initiative, the resourcefulness, and the courage to plan an almost impossible trip for what most people would have thought an impractical purpose, and she added to the tenacity and good nature which enabled her to carry out her plan, an ability to make herself a part of what she saw and experienced and to write about it so well that the reader can never be quite sure whether the remarkable effect which the narrative has upon him is a consequence of the exoticism of Melanesia and its people or of the charming and companionable heartiness of the narrator.

Miss Mytinger's expedition was remarkable in that it was she who was the head hunter. The Melanesians were the hunted. The expedition equipment at the outset consisted of an old cigarette tin containing a miscellaneous assortment of used crayons and erasers, $400, and a ukelele. The cigarette tin was operated by Miss Mytinger and the ukelele by Miss Margaret Warner, expedition handyman. That is all there was. Like all too few expeditions to any part of the globe this one lived off the land. It sketched and painted its way toward its objective—the collection of a series of portrait paintings of the vanishing Melanesian race, its prototypes and subraces. Whether or not Miss Mytinger intended to do so she returned with a great deal more than mere portraiture. She proved to be not only a painter but a witty and intelligent woman, a raconteur, and a finely balanced human being. She saw the native men and women whose physical persons she sketched not as curiosities but as human beings in a human environment and she has so presented them. The white man's war has reached and no doubt slaughtered many of them—Tanakombo and Berande on Guadalcanal can hardly be idyllic spots today, with the Marines between them and the Japanese all about them—but here they are as they were when the newspapers had never heard of them. And best of all, here is Miss Mytinger. There can be little doubt that the Melanesians, if the bombs permit them any leisure for thought, remember her. There can be as little doubt, whatever the war's demands upon the peace of mind of her American readers, that they too will remember her.

*—Drawing by the author, from the book.*

# Shickelgruber

By Robert Nathan

YOU being man, and therefore brother-man,
Though angry now, and blind—
We never aimed to hate you, or to hurt,
You being, like ourselves, of breath and dirt;
Yet God, if still He loves our human-kind,
Must hate the evil in you.
How we plan
Our Edens still, and still the serpent spreads
His darkness round our heads.
Stand with the serpent, and deny it not
With Lucifer that fell.
Dream now no more of Attila, the hot
Mongolian hordes. The desert gave them birth.
They knew no better; they were wolf and worm,
The raven and the kite.
Not you, not you, who brought upon this earth
The well-planned malice like a dreadful germ,
And madness like a spell.
Not you who cry against us in the night,
Saying we hate too well.
It is too late.
Such evil is beyond our mortal hate.
It was the Lord created heaven and hell.



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# Mr. Caldwell's Russian Landscape

*ALL NIGHT LONG: A Novel of Guerrilla Warfare in Russia. By Erskine Caldwell. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* 1942. 283 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

MR. CALDWELL has written here a thumping good action story. He has taken the material on Russian guerrilla fighting from his book "All-Out on the Road to Smolensk" and recast it in fictional form. The new volume, like its predecessor, is the work of a master reporter.

"All Night Long" is advertised as a novel of guerrilla warfare in Russia. Actually it is no novel at all in the sense that Mr. Caldwell's "Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre" are novels. The author is part and parcel of his native state; his southern characters are of the soil and soul that is forever Georgia. The partisans (guerrilla) of "All Night Long" are not spiritually Russians. Take Sergei, the hero, away from the "white moss"-covered birch groves of the Middle Russian Plateau. Let him off in the Serbian mountains and he will do as a deadshot Chetnik. Drop him near a Chinese rice paddy and Chiang Kai-shek can use him as a night-sniper. He is a prodigious warrior set down among exquisite descriptions of the Russian landscape. But his homeland is the author's typewriter.

This is a literary distinction that will trouble neither Mr. Caldwell nor his faithful following. The author has a story to tell and he has a legion of readers who are eager to hear it. It is the story of Russia's war behind the German lines. He wants to get over to his reader the spirit of the patriots who are fighting behind those lines. "No one ever said the news was bad, disheartening, or discouraging. It was good, or not good. It could never be bad, because that would mean all was hopeless and lost, and such a possibility was so remote and unthinkable that no one ever permitted it to enter his mind."

Sergei, the hero of the book, is a young tractor driver on a collective farm. He and his twenty-year-old wife, Natasha, are members of a partisan group that has been painstakingly and efficiently trained in guerrilla tactics. In the drive on Moscow, the Attila's horde of the Nazi army swarms over Sergei's home district. Forced to leave Natasha at home to cope with the threatening invaders, the husband sets out to head a partisan band that kills and destroys night after night.

The young guerrilla leader fights on from exploit to exploit—picking off sentries, ambushing trucks, wrecking trains, blowing up buildings, burning radio stations. It is a "systematic hour-by-hour bleeding." Sergei knows when to toss a hand grenade, when to throw a gasoline bottle. He knows how to deal with fifth columnists and quislings. The Nazis—brutal, remorseless, bestial—simply haven't a chance. And it is fortunate that this should be so, when it comes to the rescue of Natasha.

Once in a while the white *vs.* black, good *vs.* bad line-up of Russians and Nazis gives way to the gray of natural human behavior. There is a Quisling in the background. Fyodor does gobble up his hungry friend Sergei's share of potatoes. A sixteen-year-old Nazi sentry is so pathetic that the partisans spare his life. Some Nazi soldiers who have machine-gunned a Russian family climb into their trucks "without their usual playful shouts.

But for the most part the Caldwell thriller is a saga of hate. Pure adventure fans will be able to take the thrills and let the hatred go. They will have a good time, but they will miss the point of the story.

**Erskine Caldwell doesn't give the Quislings a chance.**

# The Unobtrusiveness of Norman Collins

*THE QUIET LADY. By Norman Collins. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1942. 432 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

NOT even when a broken and bewildered French army is fleeing through its pages before victorious Germans does this pleasant romantic novel manage to suggest any connection between its contents and a grim contemporary reality. The war of 1870 it describes seems farther away than the First Crusade, and the nameless dishes eaten at the Restaurant Duvivier fail to remind us that people have ever swallowed such messes anywhere outside of books. Its heroine, Anna Karlin, half French, half Rhinelander, is quite properly motivated in her flight from her German home by an over-indulgence in Stendhal and Georges Sand. The French lover she joins bleeds ink, one is sure, at Sedan, and even the gross restaurateur she marries during the siege of Paris to escape, temporarily, a life of shame, seems to have been reading Eugene Sue and the earlier Balzac. For this is a novel of pure escape into the odd conventions and swooning sentiments of mid-Victorian rococo, easiest to take when it is most remote from normal living, as for instance in the operatic decor of Monte Carlo where Anna lives in luxurious sin with a wicked millionaire out of a Sardou melodrama, and suffers very prettily.

Books as easy to take as pure entertainment as this one are by no means easy to do. The tale always keeps just barely close enough to the behavior and sentiments of real people to preserve its fragile illusion, and to reassure the reader that Norman Collins has the deftest of hands at whipping up literary desserts and will puff its creamy froth to the top of the dish without ever letting it sink back into butter and bubbles. Anna could be, and so could her various suitors and pursuers, and the ornamental backdrops against which she acts her not unbearable vicissitudes and not altogether implausibly happy ending are all of them quite like real scenery, and painted in the freshest and liveliest colors. If sets and characters all seem pretty familiar, and tend to blur back among their kind once the book is closed, their very familiarity helps their acceptance as one reads. Anna's adventures might be somewhat more enjoyable if Anna herself, were a little brighter in the head, but a suspicion of intelligence or sense of humor in any of the characters might well be fatal to the whole delicate balance of the form. Even Mr. Collins's own gifts in this direction are kept strictly under control. Never for a moment does he suggest that he might be spoofing his own work. His unobtrusive, accurate prose, however, is as engaging as always, and he obviously knows exactly what he is doing.



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# The "Brahmin" in Francis Parkman

*FRANCIS PARKMAN: HEROIC HISTORIAN. By Mason Wade. New York: The Viking Press.* 1942. 466 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by M. A. De Wolfe Howe

THERE is so much that is admirable about this book that it seems best to speak at once of its defects and get them out of the way. The first of these is quite understandable. When a biographer finds a mass of fresh material relating to his subject—in this instance a subject already treated by two earlier biographers—the temptation to make extensive use of it is almost irresistible. Unfortunately Mr. Wade did not put up a sufficient resistance. The result is that more than one-half of the book is devoted to the first twenty-three of Parkman's seventy years.

The biographer's "find" consisted largely of the diaries which Parkman kept as a Harvard undergraduate during his youthful expeditions into the wilds of New England and Canada and on a European "grand tour," similar records of a journey for historical research in the region of the Great Lakes and intermediate points while he was in the Harvard Law School, and also the journals out of which he constructed "The Oregon Trail." All this material is obviously of first-rate importance. What appears questionable in Mr. Wade's use of it relates to the matter of proportion.

It is of course vital in the story of Parkman's life to establish clearly the thoroughness of his preparation to deal, like a true woodsman and a true historian, with the mighty themes of his writing. It is essential to understand his familiarity with the wilderness, with Indians, with French and English pioneers and fighters, and no whit less that indomitable spirit of his own which broke instead of building up the slender store of health with which he began his incredible labors. By sticking to the really significant and eliminating unessential details, all this could have been done perhaps in less than a third instead of more than half of the biography. The portico as it stands dwarfs the house. As a single structure, an "Education of Francis Parkman," it would have commanded all praise.

There is another point on which one can touch only with the consciousness of attempting to stem an overpowering current. If Mr. Wade had spoken once or twice of Parkman as a member of the "Brahmin caste," and let it go at that, there would have been nothing to say. His insistence upon the definition and his many allusions to what he regards as Brahmin in Parkman can hardly pass unchallenged. If anyone knew what a Brahmin was, it was the elder Oliver Wendell Holmes, who invented the term for the class of which he himself was a member. Almost immediately the term began to be misused, as applicable to any highly privileged New Englander, with a strong sense of superiority. Holmes protested that his Brahmins in fact "are very commonly pallid, under-vitalized, shy, sensitive creatures, whose only birthright is an aptitude for learning."

By descent and environment Parkman certainly belonged to this class. The point I would make is that the qualities in Parkman labelled by Mr. Wade as Brahminical are related rather to an aftergrowth of Federalism than to Boston Brahminism. They are the very qualities of aristocratic aloofness, and dislike of democratic tendencies which might have been found in any nineteenth-century post-Federalist of New York or Phildelphia. The social views on which Mr. Wade is inclined to harp as limitations in Parkman derive more directly from followers of Alexander Hamilton than from the influences embodied in Emerson. But it is probably vain to protest at this late day against the prevailing distortion of Holmes's definition. The Brahmin he defined has virtually disappeared from the earth.

**Mason Wade**

There can be no question about Mr. Wade's term, "Heroic Historian." He quotes Henry Adams as placing Parkman "at the head of our living historians," and John Fiske as declaring, "Of all the American historians he is the most deeply and peculiarly American, yet he is at the same time the broadest and the most cosmopolitan." These characterizations were uttered shortly before and shortly after Parkman's death nearly fifty years ago, and no later historian has yet arisen to refute them. The biographer of an historian can only read and interpret an author's work as other students may, and to this task Mr. Wade has brought a full measure of sympathy and understanding. As a Roman Catholic he can hardly fail to dissent from some of Parkman's views with respect to the Jesuits, but he does it in the same fairness of spirit which he recognizes in Parkman. It should be said, moreover, that, in resurrecting a few writings of Parkman in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* and the New York *Nation* during and just after the Civil War, Mr. Wade has made a candid showing of Parkman's realization of the shortcomings in American life for which his own social order received its full share of blame. Whoever writes the life of an historian must deal, however, with a man as well as with books, and on his purely biographical pages Mr. Wade justifies abundantly his epithet "Heroic."

Parkman's claim to this title has of course long been recognized, yet in this fresh assemblage of all the facts relating to his periods of virtual blindness, and of his incapacitating illnesses of body and spirit, his extraordinary heroism shines forth as never before. Prescott had to deal with the same dreadful limitations of eyesight, but his sanguine temperament armed him with weapons of defense never possessed by Parkman. Each of these historians had the alleviations of inherited income—and fortunate it was that they, like Bancroft and Motley, before the days of great manuscript collections in great libraries and of foundations for the furtherance of scholarship, were able to pay for their own amassings of material—for the painful mastery of it through listening to hired readers quite untaught in foreign tongues. Granting all alleviations, however, the labors of Parkman, through a life-long fight with physical disabilities, were almost beyond belief. There was, besides, the enjoyment of friendships, the cultivation of flowers, the service of Harvard College on both its governing boards. To these indoor, and garden, interests to which Parkman gave himself in lieu of the more adventurous life he would have loved, Mr. Wade pays due attention. Indeed his book, in spite of the reservations I have suggested, fulfils with high success its purpose of bringing to life one of the really great figures in American letters, equally great in production and in character.



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# The AP Fight for Independence

*BARRIERS DOWN. By Kent Cooper. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1942. 324 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE General Manager of the Associated Press, Kent Cooper, has set forth in this volume his twenty-two-year battle to emancipate the Associated Press, and through it the entire American press, from domination by foreign news services. He terms it correctly "the story of the news agency epoch." When he entered the service of the Associated Press it was bound hand and foot by contracts with the three foreign agencies which dominated the world's news—Reuter's, the British; Havas, the French, and Wolff, the German. Really Reuter's dominated the other two and they literally divided the world between them. It was, as Mr. Cooper says, the greatest—certainly the most dangerous—monopoly the world has ever known.

For they were private news services in the business to make money, yet they were more or less in the service, when not in the pay, of their governments. They confined the Associated Press, by an old contract, to the United States alone. It was even barred from selling news in South America and could deliver news to no other country, nor take news from individual newspapers anywhere or from any other foreign news service—there were twenty-five or more of the latter all dominated by Reuter's. Every American who has lived abroad, or travelled much abroad, knows what the result was—a complete misrepresentation of the United States all over the world by featuring its crimes, its lynchings, its calamities, everything odd and bizarre, and nothing of our real life and achievements. Proper news was rarely to be found in any European daily.

What is more, the news was utilized for nationalistic propaganda and imperialistic purposes. Reuter's stood in with the British Government and played its game in Asia, Africa—all the continents. In France, Havas was the creature of the French Government, just as so many dailies were the journalistic prostitutes of the rulers of France. Mr. Cooper early sensed the wrong of this, especially when an official of our own government made a proposal—in the first World War—to the Associated Press that was pure corruption and bribery. He had a long, uphill fight to win over to his point of view his own Associated Press board of directors and officials, for that board was, with a couple of exceptions, extremely conservative and was headed by Frank B. Noyes, the embodiment of caution and conservatism. Mr. Cooper was in charge of the wire service when he began his task, and general manager when it ended. The whole story is here set forth in great detail and, though it may seem a somewhat egotistical narrative to some, it was well worth recording at length, for there is no more important chapter in the history of news-gathering in America, if not the world.

Mr. Cooper goes so far as to believe that if Reuter's domination of the world had been ended, if the news sources had been freed from government control and from monopoly management by proper regulations in the Treaty of Versailles, the present global war could have been avoided. There, I think, he goes too far, for under any system of news-gathering and transmission there would still have been the criminal shortsightedness, hypocrisy, and stupidity of the rulers of France and England, and, to some extent of our own country, which made this war inevitable, since they created Hitler and refused to keep Germany contented, republican and, above all, entirely disarmed. But Mr. Cooper is right to the extent that free transmission of news and the abolition of the use of the news services as paid instrumentalities of national policies, would have decreased somewhat the likelihood of war. Future generations will read this record and marvel how civilized nations could have tolerated such spreading of lies and misinformation, such a choking of the avenues of truthful news in the interest of selfish, uncontrolled national governments which gambled with the lives of millions and the safety of civilization.

The upshot of Kent Cooper's fight has been not only that we today get the news of Europe as freely reported by our own observers (subject to wartime censorship), but that sound American news—as truthful as our government permits—goes out from here to all the world. Mr. Cooper even brought the Associated Press and the United Press together—not to create a domestic monopoly, but upon a platform of honest, friendly competition, for union "*in a common effort to open up a free* and unhampered availability of the news of Europe and the British Isles," and against "the practice of European

**Kent Cooper, crusader who won a long, uphill fight against foreign domination of the AP.**

agencies which, at the dictation of one or more of them, hinders international news exchange by making exclusive arrangements for the availability of news." That in itself was a great achievement. Actually it was only one of many. In Japan there rose and flourished for a time a Japanese Associated Press inspired by our own and, most remarkable of all, Reuter's itself has been imitating the Associated Press for it is now coöperatively owned by the British daily press, is for the first time in the hands of professional journalists, and is no longer a private *money-making enterprise.*

So Mr. Cooper is now free to devote himself to handling the war news, to deal with the weaknesses of the Associated Press at home and to combat the Washington Government's unjust efforts to have the Associated Press judiciously declared a conspiracy in restraint of trade, and a public utility. His book could have been improved by editing. But if anybody doubts the truth of this story, or the magnitude of the achievements set forth therein, please refer him to this reviewer, who, as a director of the Associated Press, saw the beginning of Mr. Cooper's crusade and gladly testifies to its selflessness, its worth, its necessity, and its worldwide importance.

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# Departure from Dandyism

*PARTS OF A WORLD. By Wallace Stevens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1942. 138 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

WALLACE STEVENS remains as much a problem for his troubled admirers as for his untroubled detractors. Friendly appraisers have indicated that Stevens's later work represents a departure from the once cultivated verbal dandyism, from an art that was insulated by its preoccupation with esthetics, and, like Yeats, from a dependence on a set of arbitrary symbols. Frank Jones, for example, cites the new series entitled "Examination of the Hero in Time of War" and several other poems in "Parts of a World" as "utterances of a contemplative yet quickening love of the sensible world." Horace Gregory, differing from Jones and others, fails to find an analogy with Yeats, and establishes a connection with Whistler "as a painter—the same notes of elegance, charm, sensibility, and impressionism." According to the commentators, the growth has been away from pictures of a brightly abstract universe toward soliloquies on the darker world of desperate reality.

But Stevens agrees with his commentators (when he agrees at all) only by innuendo; he has by no means repudiated his fondness for the early "absolute" poetry. In Whit Burnett's recently published anthology, "This Is My Best," Stevens significantly chose as his sole contribution the early "Domination of Black." Moreover, in the paragraph stating "why" he selected the poem, Stevens declared: "Poetry is neither politics nor philosophy. Poetry is poetry, and one's objective as a poet is to achieve poetry, precisely as one's object in music is to achieve music." This old and always dangerous comparison leads Stevens to combine, and often to confuse, sounds, colors and "effects" with metaphysical conclusions, to mix the program and the performance, to write (too often, it seems, poetry) poetry about poetry. More than a few of Stevens's ultra-fastidious pages concern themselves with writing which is elaborately virtuoso, with a maximum of form and a minimum of content, with the art of being an artist. The author, says the dust-jacket reassuringly, is occupied "with the relation between the imagination and the world." But (as if that were not true of every poet) what world? Stevens seems to be less anxious to establish a relation between imagination and "the" world than making "a" world—another world of the intellect; a forced creation, an incongruity of serious wit and irresponsible whimsy. Tragedy is not absent, but it moves the reader chiefly with the impact of its rhetoric, not with the depth of a persisting emotion.

It is as a poet of comedy that Stevens is most spectacular. It is not in the framing of a philosophy nor an esthetic but in a comedy of words and ideas that his singularity triumphs. This poet, as two of his new titles suggest, gives "A Sense of the Sleight-of-Hand Man," of "Asides on the Oboe"; he is a "Connoisseur of Chaos." He can play with wayward nonsense:

> Under the eglantine
> The fretful concubine
> Said "Phooey! Phoo!"
> She whispered, "Pfui!"

That he still loves to toy with repetitive syllables (as in the familiar "Chieftan Iffucan of Azcan in caftan") is proved by the new:

> I sang a canto in a canton,
> Cunning-coo, O, cuckoo-cock,
> In a canton of Belshazzar . . .

**Wallace Stevens: "Poetry is poetry . . ."**

But if Stevens is concerned with man's bewilderment in a dissolving world and his desire "to move in the direction of fact as we want it to be," he still mingles amazing luxuriance and mocking obscurity in what he once called "the essential gaudiness of poetry."

# Mr. Jarrell on the Way

*BLOOD FOR A STRANGER. By Randall Jarrell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.* 1942. 82 *pp.* $2.

IT is easy to dispraise this first book of poems with uneasy patronization. It is easy to say that Randall Jarrell is clever and overemphatic, overcultivated, and purposefully disturbing; and he is, undoubtedly, all of these things. But the brilliant and often irritating critic is controlled, if not always disciplined, by the sensitive poet. Even those whom Mr. Jarrell has attacked with his combined bludgeon and stiletto will have to concede the unforced intensity and immediate power of "On the Railway Platform," the very first poem in his book, and "Children Selecting Books in a Library," and "The Refugees," with its concluding:

> What else are their lives but a journey to the vacant
> Satisfaction of death? And the mask
> They wear tonight through their waste
> Is death's rehearsal. Is it really extravagant
> To read in their faces: What is there that we possessed
> That we were unwilling to trade for this?

"The Refugees" is an example of Jarrell's skill. Each stanza, like a shortened sestina, employs the same end-words in a set of half-rhymes, and the effect is a wry music, a checked melodiousness. That Jarrell knows music better than most modern poets is obvious not only from the submerged references and connotations, but from the alternately suave and brusque rhythms which are his favorite manner. They are particularly successful in the poems which evoke a state of semi-consciousness, of anti-realism, of nostalgic or fearful dream—particularly "A Little Poem," "Song: Not There," "Che Faro Senza Euridice," a macabre echo out of Gluck's "Orfeo," and "The Iceberg" which, with its first lines, communicates an atmosphere of pure cold.

There are passages in which Mr. Jarrell is so discursive that he argues himself out of his poem. And there are pages which flutter anxiously between audacity and pedantry. Mr. Jarrell is part of the "new" Southern tradition which teaches even as it turns from the Academy, a Singing Schoolman, kin to Allen Tate, to whom the book is dedicated, John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, and Robert Penn Warren. The youngest of the ex-Nashville group, Jarrell's style is more personal than original. His manner is still tentative—he expresses unhappiness rather than tragedy—and his eventual goal is uncertain. But he seems to be going his own way (with a hurried nod to Auden), and is already well upon it.

L. U.



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## EVERYMAN A CATO

THERE are always some timid souls who, fearful of discussion of plans for a post-war world, solemnly adjure their fellows not to count their chickens before they are hatched and so to postpone all debate on what is to follow after victory until that victory is assured. Insofar as they refer to specific war settlements they are, of course, right. No one can map out a plan of rehabilitation until what has to be expended and what can be salvaged and restored are known. But they are wrong, calamitously wrong, if they believe that peace can be improvised, if they think that America, along with other nations, can afford to come to the peace table with no bill of particulars or specifics to be considered and discussed along with other plans and programs which are certain to be brought up by other statesmen. Isolationism for the nonce has disappeared; North, South, East, and West are united in their determination to fight the war to a victorious conclusion; the remotest hamlet of the interior has the same stake in success, the same valor of fighting men, the same harrowing anxieties as the cities that face toward the enemies across the seas. But if isolationism has gone into hibernation, it has not been scotched. And the kind of isolationism which will come to new life after the war will be of no section but of all parts of the country.

What, when the war is over and the enemy prostrate, will our soldiers abroad want? By all the laws of human nature they will want to make a bee line for the United States, as they did in the last war, and forget the misery they have witnessed and accomplished. Will the millions of citizens who not only pay but approve high taxes in order to crush the enemy, be content to continue paying taxes to restore victims of that enemy's inhumanity to some semblance of decent living? Will men, women, and children who are ready to accept rationing without a murmur in order that the armies of our Allies as well as our own may be plentifully fed, be as ready to continue it so that Europe's starving hordes may have food? War, if it has any virtue, has the virtue of burning away public selfishness and dedicating the public conscience to the common need. The letdown after it always has been and always will be terrific. We cannot afford to permit that letdown to come.

For this war will not be over when the fire has sunk on dune and headland (how naturally one still falls into Kipling when writing of war). It will only have begun, for if now we are fighting for survival then we will be fighting for the new world for which alone all the sacrifice is justified. We must know what we want of that world, what we are willing to give up for it, what responsibilities we will shoulder for it, what self-interests we will surrender. This is everyman's fight, each for each and all for all. Never has the world needed so much the understanding, the common sense, the good will of every individual in it. Never has there been so vital a job for the educator to do. And by the educator we do not mean only the teacher in school or college, though he is part of the general group, or the minister, or the lecturer, or the radio commentator, or the writer, or the journalist, but every man back of us who has special knowledge of affairs, or who has thought long and deeply on the plight of the world, or who hates intolerance and injustice and self-satisfaction, and who either publicly or in private can stimulate discussion and keep stirring interest in the post-war world.

Amateurs? Yes, but amateurs in the true sense of the word who have the subject so much at heart that their thoughts are always with it, that they believe that a ferment must be set up in the public mind which will condition it to action when the proper time comes, which will carry over the morale of war time into the precarious years of peace. Only by constantly laying the train for what is to come, even while bending every effort to the task immediately at hand, will the long-range war be won.

A. L.

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# Statement

**By E. D. Vaughan**

THESE are things I shall not need,
These are songs I must not sing,
These are books I cannot read,
This is all imagining.

*Fires long submerged shall burn*
*With a sharper, keener light;*
*People who have died shall turn*
*And go hungry through the night.*

These are words I must not say,
These are rhymes that mock the heart,
These are tokens of the day
When the torment shall depart.

*Water pent within the rock*
*Shall come beating as a storm;*
*Time revolving on the clock*
*Shall create the final form.*

These are minds I shall not know,
These are hopes I cannot share,
These are paths I must not go,
This is symbol of despair.

*Air confined within the vault*
*Blasts the planets with its force;*
*Image of unnatural fault*
*Patterns now a widening course.*

These are thoughts that bruise the mind,
These are days I will not see,
These are truths that leave behind
Hope of immortality.

*Earth suppressed is earth once more*
*Change comes early, change comes late;*
*Deep within the constant core*
*Sure eternities await.*



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Which Germany?

SIR:—In his otherwise admirable review of the new English version of Von Clausewitz's "Principles of War," Lt.-Colonel Joseph J. Greene strains himself to bring forth quotations which "indicate a German militaristic, world-conquering turn of mind." The result, he himself notes, is feeble. The trouble is that Clausewitz, all propagandists to the contrary notwithstanding, is a poor witness, since he was a liberal who did not particularly believe in war. At any rate, Clausewitz (together with Jomini) was the theorist of Napoleonic strategy and tactics and whatever there is in him of allusions to total war should be seen in a more universal perspective. The future of freedom has much to gain and nothing to lose from a realistic and objective understanding of the past.

It is for this reason that every lover of freedom will be grateful to Norman Cousins for his Open Letter to Clifton Fadiman. It is indeed appalling to see to what extent a pre-Fascist mentality has taken hold of our so-called "intelligentsia." And one of the more sinister aspects is the prejudiced distortion of intellectual history. Only by recognizing that jingoism, militarism, and imperialism are strands of thinking which all Western nations have in common, can we achieve the understanding which is a pre-condition for getting rid of these roots of an outlook which makes for war. By deceiving ourselves into thinking that they are peculiar to the Axis, or to Germany, or to Prussia, we harm ourselves. It is in our own best interest to remain candid with ourselves. If we believe that the Nazis with their propaganda of lies and hatreds will fail—and I do—there is no object surely in copying them at this late date.

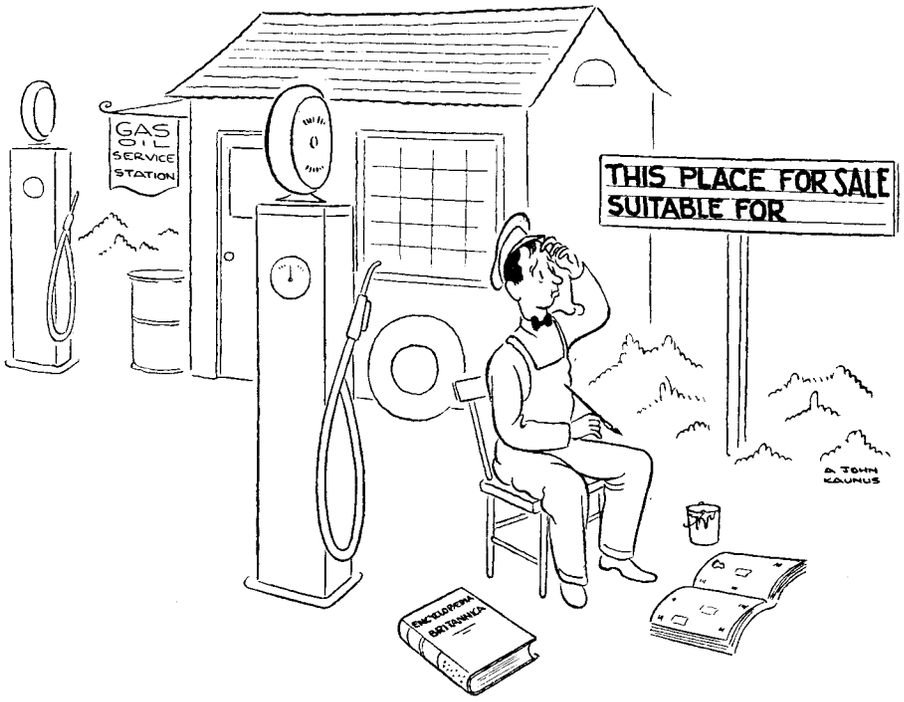
C. J. FRIEDRICH.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

## Dorothy Sayers's Alternative

SIR:—The letter from Gelett Burgess (October 17th) reminded me of the controversy in England following Howard Spring's review of Agatha Christie's "Murder for Christmas" in the *Evening Standard*, December 22nd, 1938. Clarence Boutell summed it up for the rather special transatlantic audience of *The Publisher's Weekly* (April 15, 1939) and reprints a letter from Dorothy L. Sayers which is an admirable guide to any uncertain critic. I have just copied it out to send to Mr. Burgess and it strikes me that your readers might like to see it.

John Dickson Carr, as secretary of the Detection Club, has already questioned sharply the good sense of Mr. Spring's review, observing that he "has carefully removed every element of mystery. He discloses (a) the identity of the murderer, (b) the murderer's motive, (c) nearly every detail of the trick by which the murder was committed, and (d) how the detective knew




it. After this massacre it is safe to say that little more harm to the book could possibly have been done."

Miss Sayers offered an alternative:

To the Editor, *Evening Standard:*

The point originally at issue was not whether detective stories have literary merit but how they ought to be reviewed. If a critic wishes to slate one of them, he can easily give his reasons without giving away the plot.

Thus he may say: "The Blood-bolted Pincushion" is an exceptionally feeble specimen even of the detective novelist's alleged art. It is about a stock-broker found dead in a rabbit-hutch, and the "great detective" is an analytical chemist who, on p. 59, shows himself unable to distinguish between a sulphate and a sulphite.

"The criminal's motive is psychologically improbable, and the murder-method a physical impossibility. The trial scene is disfigured, not only by the usual travesty of legal procedure, but by frequent lapses into bad taste and worse English. Indeed, the wooden characters use throughout such dialogue as was never yet heard on human lips. (*Here insert brief specimens.*)

"Those who will swallow all such defects for the sake of a good 'guessing game' will be shocked to find that no fewer than three major clues have been deliberately concealed from the reader."

Anyone who reads "The Blood-bolted Pincushion" after that does so at his own risk; yet nothing has been given away to spoil such pleasure as the book may be capable of affording.

As an old reviewer, as well as a reader and writer of detective fiction, I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

DOROTHY L. SAYERS.

This corrective from Miss Sayers suggests another corrective as well. It would be refreshing to see inferior detective stories dealt with as soundly as "The Blood-bolted Pincushion." Our reviewers may slip occasionally into bad manners but too few of them slip out of bad criticism (or merely weary criticism) of bad detective stories.

JAMES SANDEA.

Boulder, Colorado.

## Gray's "Elegy"

SIR:—There are four, not three, rejected stanzas of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"—stanzas written by Gray but later omitted by him from the completed poem. As published in *Cassell's Weekly* (London), October 11, 1924, they were in a different order from the three cited by L. McCormick-Goodhart. They were as follows, numbered in the order in which they then appeared:

1. There scattered oft, the earliest of the year, etc.

2. Him have we seen, the greenwood side along, etc.

3.

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe
Than power and genius e'er conspired to bless.

4. Hark how the sacred calm that breathes around, etc.

In general, it is easy to see why Gray decided not to use these stanzas. They are quite inferior to the ones he did use.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco.



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# TRADE Winds

**HEYWOOD BROUN**
**December 7, 1888—December 18, 1939**

HEYWOOD BROUN has been dead now for three full years. The multitude of friends who loved and admired him from the bottom of their hearts find it hard to believe that it's as long as that since they saw him shambling into his favorite haunts, sloppily attired, tardy for appointments, but welcomed with shouts of joy wherever he appeared. His name bobs up in conversations as frequently as though he were still alive, turning in his daily columns. And what columns the doings of these past three years would have inspired in him! By a stroke of cruel irony, the space they once occupied is now devoted to the outpourings of Westbrook Pegler, who represents everything Broun detested most. "The trouble with Peg," he explained once, "is that he was bitten early in life by an income tax."

There are enough anecdotes about Heywood Broun to fill a book. I'd like to devote this column to a few of the choicest of them .

Broun's classmates at Harvard included John Reed, Walter Lippmann, and Hamilton Fish—an omen, possibly, of the later conflicts between his political convictions and his sybaritic personal habits. Foreign languages were his nemesis. An irate German professor shied an inkwell at him, but missed. His habit of fulfilling assignments at the last possible moment, if at all, failed to enchant the Harvard authorities, and he did not graduate. His classmates watched in awe while he threw all of his belongings helter skelter into a trunk, and then climbed in himself and trampled them down after the fashion of a Burgundy grape presser.

Broun got a job with the *Tribune*, and turned in some of the greatest baseball and football stories that ever have been written. Then he was transferred to the drama department. The day of the transfer, he acted as official scorer at a Giant-Cub ball game in the afternoon, and covered Ethel Barrymore's opening in an Edna Ferber play called "Our Mrs. McChesney" in the evening. At the ball game, he scored a close play as an error for the visiting shortstop, thereby depriving the Giant batter of a basehit in the records. That evening, he roasted Miss Barrymore's performance to a fare-thee-well. The next day the *Tribune's* managing editor received two indignant communications. One, from the Giant batman, read, "What's the big idea of sending a lousy dramatic critic up here to be official scorer?" The other, signed by Miss Barrymore, concluded, "How dare you assign a cheap baseball reporter to cover the opening of a Barrymore play?"

Broun loved the theatre, and the majority of his reviews were gentle and encouraging. One evening, however, an actor named Geoffrey Steyne gave a performance that displeased him. Broun allowed that Mr. Steyne was the worst actor on the American stage. Mr. Steyne sued. The whole principle of dramatic criticism was at stake in this suit; if the actor won it, obviously, a dangerous precedent would have been established. The case was dismissed, and it remained only to see what Heywood would say about Mr. Steyne on the occasion of his next New York appearance. The big night finally arrived, and the next morning initiates turned eagerly to Broun's review. He did not so much as mention Geoffrey Steyne until the last sentence of his last paragraph. This read simply "Mr. Steyne's performance was not up to his usual standard."

HEYWOOD was a war correspondent in France in 1918. General Pershing saw him in uniform and asked him if he had fallen into a ditch. A fellow worker once dubbed him "Six Characters in Search of a Laundry." Heywood usually forgot to put laces in his shoes. When he took them off for bowling—which he loved—he disclosed socks with such enormous holes that they looked like ankle supporters. His first wife, Ruth Hale, was just as careless as Heywood. The first time I visited their home, a step in the back staircase was broken; three years later it had not been repaired. Everybody just hopped over it, while Ruth would remark placidly, "Somebody's going to break his neck on that step some day!" I had come to collect an introduction for a Modern Library book that Heywood had promised to deliver some two months previous. He wrote it while I waited. Then we lunched together in his kitchen. We vaulted the broken step, and found that the icebox contained a single can of peaches. Heywood punctured the lid with a beer opener, and emptied the peaches into two saucers that he salvaged from a pile of dirty dishes in the sink. We ate standing up.

**Heywood Broun—reporter, writer, humanist.**

When Dorothy Parker and Beatrice Kaufman visited the Broun Home Front, Mrs. K. is reported to have discovered a couple of deep brown, bedraggled old toothbrushes hanging in the bathroom. "Good heavens," she cried, "what are those things?" "Don't you recognize them?" said the ever helpful Miss Parker. "Those are the broomsticks witches ride on every Hallowe'en!" The last tenant of the Brouns was Ed McNamara, who plays every Irish cop role in Hollywood. "Mac," Heywood told him, "it's a shame that with a rich, resonant voice like yours, you don't ever know what the Hell you're talking about!" One night Mac came home to discover his trunk on the doorstep, and a note from Heywood written on the tag. "Dear Mac," it read, "I forgot to tell you that I sold the house!"

In 1921, Heywood joined the staff of the morning *World,* where he became scared to death of the editor, Herbert Bayard Swope. Years later, although they now were close friends and met night after night at various peoples' houses, he still held Swope—not to mention Swope's wife, Margaret—in something like awe. When Winston Churchill's son, Randolph, wangled a job on the *World* at the tender age of eighteen, and called Swope "Herbert" the day he joined the staff, Heywood practically dropped in his tracks. A story he loved to tell about the Swopes concerned the day when the editor collected thirty-five men—including Broun—at the Belmont Race Track, and invited them all to drop in for a drink at his Long Island home on their way back to New York. In the midst of the festivities, Broun was



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dumbfounded when Swope turned to his guests and asked "Why don't you all stay for dinner?" Without waiting for a reply, he turned to his wife and said "They're staying for dinner, my dear." Mrs. Swope rang for the maid, remarked calmly, "Mary, there will be thirty-five extra for dinner this evening," and sailed majestically out of the room. "It was terrific," whooped Heywood. Later he was dispatched in the Swope station wagon to fetch six dozen lamb chops from the Manhasset butcher shop.

Some of Heywood's quips at this time are still quoted and collected in anthologies. The depression had not yet come along to toughen our fibre and sharpen our consciousness of social inequalities; everybody drifted along in a happy haze of bathtub gin and Wall Street profits. Heywood lost more money at poker games and the race track in a single day than he had had to his name a few years previous. He labelled Woollcott "the smartest of Alecs." At a Bankhead opening, he whispered into the star's ear "Don't look now, Tallulah, but your show's slipping!" Invited to a poker game by Ring Lardner, he reported over the telephone, "I can't come, Ring. It's my son Woodie's night out, and I've got to stay home with the nurse!" He made a disparaging statement about a fight manager in Syracuse. "You wouldn't dare come up here and repeat that," taunted the Upstater. Broun answered "I'll be up there and say it next Friday at half past five!" "And did you?" asked the man to whom Broun was telling the story. "Of course not!" he replied. At the Baer-Carnera fight, Grantland Rice remarked "Golly, that big fellow sure can take it." "Yeah," answered Broun, "but he doesn't seem to know what to do with it!" On the day that Babe Ruth smacked out two home runs in a world's series game, and contributed a couple of sparkling catches as well, Broun's account began, "The Ruth is mighty and shall prevail!"

Heywood's dawning preoccupation with the class struggle manifested itself clearly in the Sacco-Vanzetti case in 1927. He regarded the execution of these two men as a flagrant miscarriage of justice and he wrote two burning and devastating columns about the case that belong with the great pieces of invective of all time. Ralph Pulitzer of the *World* asked him to write no more on this controversial subject, and Broun staged a one-man strike. Swope patched up the quarrel, but two years later, the wound still rankled, and Heywood accepted a fabulous offer from Roy Howard of the *Telegram*. This was when Broun first began to tell us "You can't sit on the fence much longer. It's time to choose your side for keeps." Events of recent years have been his vindication. Referring to one fence-straddling comentator, Heywood remarked, "His mind is so open that the wind whistles through it. Nothing sticks. He's afraid to stay on any side if self-aggrandizement beckons to the other!" Heywood knew an appeaser when he saw one—years before any of us had occasion to use the word.

The last years of Heywood's life were devoted principally to the organization and promotion of the American Newspaper Guild. His customary carelessness disappeared like magic when he embraced this cause; newspapermen will never forget what he did to improve their pay and working conditions. Heywood respected all labor unions. It was against his principles to cross a picket line. One noon, however, the waiters at his favorite hangout were out on strike, and Heywood, lost in thought, passed the pickets. "Mr. Broun," said one of the waiters reproachfully, "we're on strike." "Tell me who your favorite customer is," said Broun contritely, "and I'll write him a letter and tell him to stay away." The waiter replied, "Why, you are, Mr. Broun." Heywood stormed into the restaurant, sent out luncheon to the pickets, and effected a settlement of the strike on the spot. He didn't know until much later that the proprietors had been dying to settle for days, and awaited only some face-saving device to get them out of an embarrassing situation. At the height of the celebration, Broun cried, "My God, I'm due at a meeting of the Book-of-the-Month Club judges!" and rushed out, leaving behind, as usual, the galleys that were to be the subject of discussion that day. The other judges can't remember one occasion when Heywood arrived at a meeting in time. When he died, however, the directors couldn't bring themselves to appoint another judge in his place. The post is vacant to this day.

Over Thanksgiving weekend in 1938, the Averell Harrimans were hosts to a gathering of sixty at their estate in Arden. The house is located at the top of a steep hill. Heywood looked down from the summit and recalled that the year the house was built, he had eluded the guards at the outer gate, and crawled up the hill, intent on getting an exclusive interview with the ailing Edward H. Harriman, of the Union Pacific. He was caught the moment he emerged from the shrubbery, however, and hustled down to the bottom again. "Today," said Heywood, ruefully considering his build, "it's all I can do to get up the hill in an automobile." That evening, Heywood was very late to dinner. "I was down in the kitchen," he explained cheerfully to Averell Harriman, "trying to persuade the butler to strike for higher wages!"

THIS was the weekend that Broun and Swope decided to cross-examine Duff Cooper, another of the distinguished guests. We all gathered round expectantly, and Swope asked the first question, which Broun promptly answered—at considerable length. Then Broun essayed a query, which Swope answered. It gradually dawned on us that the interview was destined to be an exclusive dialogue between Swope and Broun. Their rhetoric flowed on, while Duff Cooper sat blinking in com-

**From the famous drawing by Rollin Kirby**



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plete silence, like a tortoise with lumbago. Later he confided to a friend that we were the rudest people he had ever met. Of course, this was three years before he galloped off to Singapore to do nothing so magnificently while a great bastion of empire was crumbling over his head.

Two years later, we all spent another Thanksgiving with the Harrimans in Arden—all, that is, but Heywood, who was dead, and Quent Reynolds, who was reporting the Blitz from London. Swope proposed a toast that night to the two who were absent. "One," he said, "is in Heaven, and the other is in Hell."

Heywood had a genius for discovering strange methods to throw his money away. Once he ran for Congress on the Socialist ticket. Another time he edited a local newspaper called the *Connecticut Nutmeg*. His greatest extravagance was a play called "Shoot the Words," which he wrote, financed, and appeared in personally. Indirectly, this play provided him with the greatest happiness in his life. One of the girls in the chorus was named Connie Madison, and Heywood adored her at sight. They were married in 1935. She called him "The Commodore," and spruced him up almost beyond recognition. Heywood's friends accepted Connie without qualification the first time they met her. George Kaufman gave her a part in "Merrily We Roll Along." She crossed the stage once, and had a single line which read, "I wouldn't dare bob my hair. My father would throw me out!" Broun, in his review, remarked "Miss Madison was adequate." We hope that Connie will read this piece, and accept it as evidence that besides herself, there are a thousand and more old friends of Heywood Broun who wish he were with us in this good fight, and who will never forget him as long as they live.

BENNETT CERF.

# From Nickleodeons to Castles

*CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE. A Biography of A. J. Balaban. By Carrie Balaban. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 1942. 240, xiv *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD SOBEL

WERE it not for the fact that "Continuous Performance," a biography of A. J. Balaban, by his loving wife, Carrie, purports to record a story important to the amusement world—the growth of the nickleodeon into the so-called motion picture palace—the book would scarcely be worth reviewing. For it is badly written, rambling, shallow, and incomplete, a dull biography and a sketchy history.

Unfortunately, also, none of the characters come to life, not even the hero, Abe, who became eventually a member of one of the most powerful firms in American theatrical history, Balaban and Katz. And what is real in the sidelights of Ma, Pa, Barney and Idajoy has an embarrassing intimacy. Marriage, birth, sickness, love, and death come too close for the reader's comfort.

Though the early scene is that same realistic Chicago about which T. James Farrell is perpetually writing, Abe's seamy adolescent experiences, except for an occasional raw reference to a cop's chasing him into his father's fish store, betting on the track, or frequenting night clubs, are tossed off as casually conventional. His reflections on economics in the later chapters are as curiously naive as his philosophical considerations are anachronistic.

A few scattered passages have humor and humanity; Minnie Palmer's eagerness to give Abe a break by booking her sons, the Four Marx Brothers, at his theater whenever they had a split week; Sophie Tucker's emotionalism the night her son made his debut, *Variety's* reviews and trenchant observations, Frank Sullivan's moving tribute to Nora Bayes, the incident about the woman lost in the washroom at the Tivoli premiere.

Nostalgia lurks in the numerous lists of names: William Morris, Aunt Jemima, Fannie Brice, John Bunny, Jessie Bonstelle, Gus Edwards, Hal Halperin, Aaron Jones, Abe Lastfogel, Lloyd Lewis, Loie Fuller, McIntyre and Heath, Ted Lewis, Kohl and Castle, the Six Brown Brothers, Clara Kimball Young, and John Philip Sousa.

As a history of the motion picture, the book is particularly disappointing as the author closes the records arbitrarily, leaving many of the main characters in mid-air. The resultant omissions are serious from the standpoint of innovation and comparison.

As the blurbs boast, A. J. Balaban brought the motion picture theatres from rags to riches. But that was about all he did. Even his proud presentations were largely props for weak pictures and bad business. They never stimulated or inspired the new and growing art of the cinema to stand on its own. The important matter came from within.

"Continuous Performance," in short, is a somewhat pathetic and perhaps unconscious attempt to justify money making for the sake of money making.

# $hort $tories

*O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1942. Selected and edited by Herschel Brickell, assisted by Muriel Fuller. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.* 1942. *xvii plus* 356 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

SOME of the members of the board of judges for the O. Henry Memorial Award comment on the fact that the stories here contained represent "very definitely a positive attitude on the part of their writers toward the importance of being human." I should add to this quality another; namely, a return in many of the stories to the sanitive effect of out-door nature upon the human being. It is interesting to note that the excellent prize story, "The Wide Net" (Eudora Welty), concerns the events of a day spent out of doors; and the same thing is true of the scarcely less excellent "Two Rivers" of Wallace Stegner. Mr. Wilbur L. Schramm's "Windwagon Smith," which wins third place, is a tale of the wide open spaces of the West, and it is not until we get to the story rated fourth in order of excellence, Jeanne E. Wylie's "A Long Way to Go," that we are back in the city.

Mrs. Rawlings (one of the judges) notes that the O. Henry type of story has passed and adds that "the essential values of this type of story still hold good." The one element of the O. Henry type of story that seems to linger is, oddly enough, the one element in these tales that makes for monotony. The "surprise ending" of the O. Henry tale was there largely as an obvious dramatic, or melodramatic, crash conclusion. But in the contemporary tale the surprise ending is metamorphosed into "irony," a quality on which we set perhaps too high a value. To disappoint the expectations of his readers was O. Henry's purpose; to disappoint the expectations of its characters seems to be the whole purpose of a good many more recent tales. The trouble here is that the experienced reader knows the signs which mean "preparing for irony," and learns to discount the effect in advance.

The technical competence of the twenty-odd stories in this collection is unusually high, and the patterns richly varied. I am disappointed that William Faulkner's "Two Soldiers" doesn't get into the money, for it seems to me at least as good as three of the prize winners. But the awards are intelligently made, and the practice of printing in the introduction the reasons that lead individual judges to their decisions should be encouraged.



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# Berlin and Its "Frau Bella"

*BLOOD AND BANQUETS: A Berlin Social Diary. By Bella Fromm. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1942. 332 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

GERMANY has found its Walter Winchell. Bella Fromm, ex-social correspondent for the great German Ullstein chain of newspapers, has emerged from four years of obscurity to fill the last gap in the available lowdown on the Third Reich. In this diary can be found without doubt all the gossip, all the scandal, all the little, intimate glimpses of Nazi Germany's bigwigs and their satellites that was noised about the ballrooms and boudoirs of Berlin since Hitler came to power. If you like Winchell, you will eat this book up.

Bella Fromm, "Frau Bella," as she was called by Berlin's Four Hundred, was born and brought up in Bavaria, daughter of a wealthy Jewish family. Like many others, she lost just about everything in the inflation that swept over Germany after the last war. But unlike many others, she was able to keep on moving about in German high society, where she had excellent connections. They stood her in good stead when she applied at Ullstein's for a job as social columnist. They kept her there throughout the Third Reich's birth pangs and its first years of growth until September, 1938, when finally she followed wise friends' counsel and left for the United States.

That was the end, for four years, of her writing career. But now, rediscovered by Frederick Birchall, one-time Chief European Correspondent for the *New York Times,* she has come forth again, this time with a book. Like many others, her diary of her Berlin years was smuggled out of Germany by devious means—in friends' pockets or in diplomatic pouches. She found it when she got to Paris, brought it with her to New York. Why she did not publish it before remains a mystery. If there was one thing missing in the American public's bill of fare about the Nazis, it was this. With this book we finally should know all—there cannot be another "angle" on the Reich until the revolution comes.

When Hermann Goering's rotund actress-wife had a baby in June, 1938, the gossip was that it was Mussolini's child—he had been in Berlin on a State visit in October of the previous year, had "enjoyed himself keenly at Karin Hall," the Goering estate. Goebbels and Mrs. Goebbels were fighting constantly about the former's love-life—in December, 1937, the club-footed little Propaganda Minister suffered a serious setback when he was waylaid and beaten up by Gustav Froelich because he dallied with the film star's wife. Goebbels, "somewhat annoyed," had Froelich taken into custody by Heinrich Himmler, whereupon Froelich's friends, "irritated," ambushed the Propaganda Minister and beat him up again—and this time worse.

Frau Bella, sitting next to old von Hindenberg in church one day, wildly considered telling the senile President about the Nazi menace. She didn't. Next time she met him, at the races, "he asked me about an old lady who seemed to awaken some reminiscence in his hazy mind. I told him her name. 'Oh yes,' he said, with relish, 'I remember her folks had such delicious plum cake Sundays. They invited me when I was a cadet.' And he fell back into his hazy memories."

The author, in the first chapter, strikes a Cassandra-like note that permeates the book throughout: "I have always had a premonition of coming events. I cannot explain this. It just happens to me. Most people do not believe in statements of that kind, yet I know it for a fact in my own case." And, like Cassandra, she saw early doom for Germany. She felt the first World War was lost in 1917, when many still believed in German victory. She saw Walther Rathenau, Foreign Minister under President Ebert in the Republic's early years, one evening in 1922. She felt, when he departed, that she might never see him again. Two days later he was murdered. All through her diary the figures in the drama she records move about against this background of impending disaster.

Bella Fromm is bitter now about the Germans. She does not often stop to analyze what she has seen and heard, but in the first chapter she speaks her piece on Germany today.

> I began to understand the truth about the Germans: they had developed as a people more cruel, more sadistic than it had hitherto been believed possible for a civilized people to be. And I was compelled to come to the conclusion that civilization, as we know it, was very little more than a thin veneer over the average German, ready to be brushed off when the right call came from the right pagan deity. The words "right," "wrong," "human," "inhuman" have no meaning except the meaning one chooses to give them, and these words soon came to have new meanings imposed by men of ill will.

There are many authorities on Germany who will disagree with her on this point. Likewise with the statement: "The time has passed when we can do anything about Germany." Frau Bella here has missed the greatest tragedy of all—the tragedy of a people who were plunged by their own hand into a disaster which not only warped them and their country beyond all recognition, but warped most of the world as well. It is too late to remedy this disaster—that is true. The tragedy visited on Germans today will probably hang over their children and their children's children—for the brown-shirted revolution with its excesses and the strife it loosed upon the world has engendered a hatred which it may well take generations to wipe out.

But in the world in which Frau Bella moved about such things could scarcely be realized. That was an artificial world, the world of "glittering affairs," of cutaway and evening dress, the world of those who live above the people and strive to guide affairs to their own end. It is not a world which will endure in Germany when this war is over. This book, the record of its final fling, is its best condemnation and its epitaph.

**Bella Fromm joins the list of Berlin diarists.**

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 455)**

JOSEPH C. GREW:
*REPORT FROM TOKYO*

We must meet hate with cold but sane resolution. We must meet malice, not with malice, but with fine good sense. . . . . The Japanese people must achieve the freedom of civilized men and must take their role in the comity of nations.



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# The War of Nerves

*GERMAN PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE. Edited by Ladislas Farago. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 1942. 302 *pp.* $3.

*ACTION AGAINST THE ENEMY'S MIND. By Joseph Bornstein and Paul Milton. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.* 1942. 294 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

FOR years big business has paid trained interviewers and researchers to find out why certain washing machines sold very well while others of equal worth did not. American advertising has become a science; books have been published to explain John Doe's reaction to the text of a whiskey ad over which highly paid advertising wizards have racked their fertile brains. But the very fact that the Nazis have developed an equally efficient technique of advertising for military purposes which they employ in the field of politics has been noted only very late. Hitler's method of promoting ill will among Frenchmen, and advertising his home-made product, Nazism, is nothing more than a perverted advertising technique, the tools of which were borrowed freely from America. He promoted mail-order campaigns—by sending phony letters to Frenchmen on the front, in which a good friend told the "poilu" that things were not only bad at home but that his wife (sweetheart) had started an affair with a British officer; the German war psychologists beat Hollywood's advertising stunts for horror pictures when "victims" fainted (for seventeen dollars a week) and were revived by a nurse who stood in front of the theatre, and by hiring French women to don widow's weeds and sit ostentatiously in Parisian cafés, thus driving home to the French the heavy losses of the war. On the other hand his advance guard had made studies about the dissensions among the population of each part of France, studies that were as scientifically sound as those undertaken by big department stores before buying merchandise for a newly opened branch. And the strangest fact remains, that long before Hitler wrote his "Mein Kampf," Banse und Ludendorff their blueprints on total war, or Major Blau his textbooks on propaganda, Colonel (now General) Walter Campbell Sweeney described the changed character of modern war in a prophetic little book entitled "Military Intelligence: A New Weapon of War" which was published by Stokes in 1924 and forgotten by almost everybody. And General Sherman Miles, former chief of our own Military Intelligence, surveyed the character of modern war in an article, published fifteen years ago in the *North American Review*. This article received the careful attention of German military circles and was copied by F. C. Endres, an adviser to the Austrian High Command.

In order to give the American public an idea of the immensity of the German machine for psychological warfare, in order to lay the barest foundations for campaigns based on the knowledge of the enemy's weapons, two books have been published which try, each in a different way, to show a still naive public that psychological warfare can be as deadly as tanks and bullets. The first is "German Psychological Warfare," edited by Ladislas Farago for the Committee for National Morale, and introduced by Professor Kimball Young; the second is "Action Against the Enemy's Mind," by Joseph Bornstein and Paul Milton. The second one is more general and addresses itself more to the layman; the first is highly scientific, specialized, and bibliographical.

Farago's volume—to start with the more difficult of the two—does not undertake to explain why we are so much behind in the technique of psychological warfare, nor does it attempt an analysis of the paradox that the Nazis took our advertising and publicity methods, shifted them around, and transformed them into a military weapon of the first order, while we did nothing of the kind. But it gives the ordinary citizen and reader a glimpse of the scope of the problems. It states in plainest language that offensive psychology as taught and practised by the Nazi strategists, is used constantly to break the morale of Germany's enemies both on the military and the home front, to conquer public opinion in neutral lands, to pave the invaders' way into unprepared countries by disintegrating the political, social, and intellectual structure of nations singled out for future attacks. The volume is based exclusively on the writings of German military theorists, psychologists and so-called philosophers. The editors know that the Nazi policy in books and in action does not always agree and they say so in their carefully worded preface, but they realize that the Nazi program represents a unity of powerful impact. They go so far as to recommend the adaptation of some of the more effective methods of German psychological warfare to American needs, although they know that many a conservative will utter cries of disapproval, saying that such things "are simply not done." The fourth part, nearly one half of the book, is a bibliography of the German sources—a most useful research study which is indispensable to anyone who wants to be familiar with this new weapon.

—*Arthur Szyk, from "The New Order."*

**In the best spirit of Christmas and brotherly love. . . .**

The first three parts resemble a textbook, give a short history of mobilization of German psychology, discuss the psychological problems of leadership, the selection and testing of personnel (too extensively), the psychology of military life and of combat. These parts are highly specialized reports and might not prove as interesting to the average reader as the chapters dealing with the strategy and tactics of psychological warfare, its cultural background and its weapons. It is extremely difficult to give a just appraisal of a survey on which so many specialists have collaborated and which has all the aspects of a Guggenheim project. It must be said that the book might be heavy reading for the layman who wants to penetrate behind the frontlines of the war of nerves.

The second book, "Action Against the Enemy's Mind," is a popular primer to psychological warfare. In part I, Joseph Bornstein gives an excellent history of Hitler's war of nerves on Europe, and lays before our eyes the Nazi goal as far as we are concerned: revolution in America. He proceeds then, step by step, to show how the Nazis are using our weak spots to drive a wedge into American unity. Notable is his comparison of 1917 and today. In 1917 German propaganda was amateurish and inefficient. There was no scientifically proven psychological warfare; there were such things as the famous Zimmer-



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mann telegram in which the representative of the Kaiser's Germany sought to entice Mexico into a declaration of war on the United States. The British intercepted the telegram sent from Berlin to the German representative in Mexico, and published it before either the German or the Mexican government could take any steps.

Today the Nazis have made extensive studies of the United States and attempt to use every weak point in our moral defenses to break in and spread ill will. This is clearly shown by Paul Milton in part II, where he analyzes the structure of isolationism, anti-semitism, anti-Negro feeling, and that old favorite of Hitler's propaganda orchestra, the fear of communism. Some of the authors' arguments seem so familiar that one wonders how anybody can still fall for the time-honored tricks of little Doctor Goebbels. Yet the very fact that some of our papers are still repeating these things and that many people unwillingly play Hitler's tunes without knowing it, proves how necessary it is to clarify the issues over and over again. Particularly sober is Mr. Milton's approach to anti-semitism, in which he is not afraid of mentioning some of the less fortunate tactics of the Jews which have worked to their own injury.

"Action against the Enemy's Mind" has, unfortunately, no footnotes, no bibliography, and no index. While Farago's volume might be called a bit too scientific for the average reader, this one takes it a bit too easy here and there and does not always avoid repetition. The ideal book on the subject would choose a middle course between the two. Both books fail to deal sufficiently with the different instruments of the war of nerves, such as movies, pamphlets, short wave stations, etc. But a condensed version of the Bornstein-Milton book should be a "must" in senior high schools. One could even imagine the OWI distributing it as a pamphlet, whereas the "German Psychological Warfare" is a "must" for all teachers, writers on foreign affairs, and military experts, and contains enough material for innumerable "Treasury Hour" and "This is the Enemy" programs. One suggestion for the next edition of Farago's book: an index of names and authors mentioned would prove a great help. And I wish the "Committee for National Morale" could find a generous sponsor who would make it possible to translate the twenty-three German books mentioned as basic reading into good English if that were possible. Nothing could be a better eye-opener for the American reader than an English edition of such books.


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# The Phoenix Nest

MAY HENDERSON TAYLOR of Los Angeles, California, sends us the following poem, which we have retitled

BELLEROPHON

Look at the hasting airplane, scudding north!
A searchlight pounces—laps it in lucid radiance,
converts its emerald eye to gleaming turquoise,
escorts it, follows after, and whips on before,
cleaving the heavy dark with blue-white blade,
to fling ahead a flexible, flowing lane of lambent light.

There speeds the twentieth century's Pegasus.

As once Athena Nike,
mistress of the arts of war,
by the gift of a golden bridle,
bestowed the flying steed upon the Corinthian lad,
that he might overcome the hideous Chimaera,
so now Columbia,
lavishing her treasure,
equips a debonair, insouciant, indomitable son
and sets him to a similar terrible task.
Tonight he'll scour perilous skies. His mount,
this wondrous winged horse we watch,
breath-taking in its silvern loveliness,
panting with power,
engined to hurdle the very empyrean,
smoothly ascends the beam.

Perhaps this night, perhaps to-morrow's,
certainly inescapably, and soon,
his moment will arrive
when he will face the Chimaera of our time.
No "vain and foolish fancy," it,
but a horrible reality;
this mismade, bestial thing,
that vomits fire and trails a dragon's tail,
blighting whatever it flies above or crawls upon;
encroaching insolently,
attended by a most repellent brood;
flaunting a banner
emblazoned with the glorious sun.

In that stark conflict,
should he be undone,
fated to plummet, in flaming, tattered wreckage,
even as the earlier monster's vanquisher,
through triumph grown too daring, subsequently fell
from out the pleasant Lycian skies,
still, still shall this horrendous creature be destroyed!

Since, daily, hourly, momently,
Columbia's companies of warrior sons
achieve their wings
and guide their shimmering, soaring steeds,
as eagerly as lovers ride to long-awaited trysts,
up, up,
seemingly endlessly echeloned,
to occupy disputed skies;
climbing in ecstasy to the mortal combat,
as though to sweetest dalliance . . .

And now, the shining road is empty.

The sword of light deflects,
imparts a transitory lustre to the dimmed horizon,
disappears.

An he should fail,
the dauntless youth, who arrowed north tonight,
these others, storming on,
shall take the battle place with fury
and bring the monster down!

In different vein is the following, from R. G., the descendant of a famous American poet:

FOUR-VOLUME YBARRA

"Young Man of Caracas,"
A giddy Vol. I;
"Young Man of the World,"
Vol. Second, a hon.

Here's hoping for more
In which we can revel:
"Young Man of the Flesh," and
"Young Man of the Devil."

We fear we shall have to call a halt now on "Island Books"—the response to this suggestion having been voluminous. Latest advice as to "The Island of Regeneration" by "Kathryn Somebody," suggested by Maud Ludington Cain, is from William Gerard Chapman of the International Press Bureau in Chicago who thinks it may really have been a novel of that title by Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, published in 1909 "and widely serialized in the press during the next few years . . . this book, which was considered 'quite daring,' shocked many of the Reverend Dr. Brady's followers no end!"

A. F. Killey of Ardsley, N. Y. suggests "The Castaways" by W. W. Jacobs "who caught and impaled the plain English humors in a lovely light," Carl Thurston, of Pasadena, California, says that "the windy story for which Mrs. Gibbon asked sounds very much like one I read about forty years ago (Ed.: What he now says makes it sound like H. G. Wells!) The version that I read was the first item in a collection of fantastic tales, entitled, I believe, 'Twelve Strange Stories'." Mr. Thurston also asks me "where the Phoenix migrates between nesting seasons." Well, the last two summers it was in the vicinity of Rockport, Massachusetts. St. Augustine, Florida, is also a favorite spot!

Anthony Boucher's letter from Berkeley, California, winds up this subject now and in perpetuity! But it is a real addition.

I'm surprised that all this island-collecting has neglected the mystery novel. There's a field that's really rich in islands. I shan't attempt to list any of the multitudes of whodunits involving such sizable real islands as Cuba or Oahu or Bermuda (which has an

# *Your Literary I. Q.*

**By Howard Collins**

OPENING SENTENCES OF NOVELS

Miss Eula Carpenter, of Charlotte, North Carolina, contributes this week's quiz. Allowing 5 points for each story you can identify and another 5 if you can name its author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 21.

1. Spring came late in the year 1890, so it came more violently, and the fullness of its burgeoning heightened the seasonal disturbance that made unquiet in the blood.

2. A Saturday afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight, and the vast tract of unenclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowned itself moment by moment.

3. In the days when spinning-wheels hummed busily in farm houses—and even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread-lace, had their toy spinning-wheels of polished oak—there might be seen in districts far away among the lanes, or deep in the bosom of the hills, certain pallid undersized men, who, by the side of the brawny country-folk, looked like remnants of a disinherited race.

4. Call me Ishmael.

5. Now in November I can see our years as a whole.

6. He lay flat on the brown, pine-needled floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the pine trees.

7. While the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Cheswick Mall, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour.

8. Until he was almost ten the name stuck to him.

9. This book has not been written to prove a case.

10. David poured half of his second cup of tea into his saucer to lower its temperature to the drinking point, and helped himself to a second cut of ham and a third egg.



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astonishingly high per capita record of fictional murders). But besides those there's what one might almost call the Island School of Murder, as definite a structural form as say the Locked Room. The island has the technical advantage for the detective novelist of creating a strict geographical limitation, at once narrowing the suspects down to one tightly sealed group and heightening the impacts and conflict of characters.

The great example is "And Then There Were None (1940; British title, "Ten Little Indians), Agatha Christie's most dazzling tour de force. A very short list of others includes Anthony Berkeley's "Mr. Pidgeon's Island," Clyde B. Clason's "Murder Gone Minoan" (1939), A. R. Hilliard's "Outlaw Island" (1942), Michael Innes's "Appleby on Ararat" (1941), Van Wyck Mason's "The Castle Island Case" (1937), Paul McGuire's "A Funeral in Eden" (1938), Lenore Glenn Offord's "Clues to Burn" (1942), Clayton Rawson's "The Footprints on the Ceiling" (1939), and my own "The Case of the Seven Sneezes" (1942).

For the most ghastly of island crimes see George Simenon's "Le Secret du Fort Bayard" in his "Les 13 Enigmes," shortly to appear for the first time in English in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.*

Among non-criminous islands, may I add two to your lists? Compton Mackenzie's "Vestal Fires," one of the subtlest and most perceptive novels on homosexuality, is set on the same island as "South Wind," with even some coincidence in minor characters (presumably à clef). And Charles Brackett's "Entirely Surrounded" deals with Mr. Woollcott's island and its curious inhabitants and is possibly funnier than "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

# A Novel of the Depression

*THE FOUR WINDS. By C. E. Hayes. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1942. 379 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

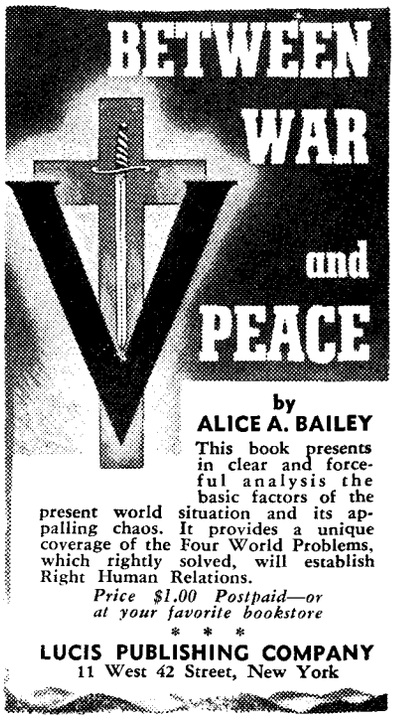
HAD this novel been dropped into the pond of American fiction in the mid-thirties, it would have made a greater splash than now. The dramatic news value of the economic-agrarian problems of the tenant farmer has been exploited almost to the limit in fiction, and the immediate, harassing problem of the characters in "The Four Winds," unemployment, seems just now as remote as slavery or women's suffrage. In spite of these two handicaps, this first novel by Charles E. Hayes has a fresh and original power. One is persuaded to believe that it would have been written just as it is even if "The Grapes of Wrath" had never appeared.

At the tag-end of the depression a not too ambitious Kansas farmer sinks lower and lower, moving from house to shack, losing gradually his stock and tools; and finally his four children scatter to the four winds: the brutal oldest son flees and deserts the sinking ship, as does the romance-bitten daughter; the youngest dies of meningitis (a gratuitous misfortune that serves no narrative purpose—except to pile horror on horror); and the sixteen-year old narrator finally runs away to the West coast, where four years later he is still vainly trying to acquire a "stake" to take his broken parents off relief. (If not in uniform, he is probably earning eighty dollars a week in a shipyard now.) The story moves swiftly and mercilessly from one adversity to another, the uses of which are anything but sweet. There are family fights; horses are drowned; dogs are clubbed to death; the autocratic local banker, like a vestigial remnant of feudalism, deals out economic ruin; seduction, rape, labor troubles, floggings sound their dismal notes in this painful symphony. But the novel escapes being grotesque, for there is a measure of dignity and tenderness and some wild, violent humor.

By using young Gene as narrator the author is able to temper considerably the hard and angry pessimism which otherwise would have rendered the yarn too unpleasant. Although naive and pathetically ignorant, Gene is sensitive and imaginative, and when this Faulknerian narrative passes through the sieve of his kindliness and affectionate nature, it touches our emotions, not merely our nervous system.

## ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Henry Bellamann: "King's Row."
2. Thomas Hardy: "The Return of the Native."
3. George Eliot: "Silas Marner."
4. Herman Melville: "Moby Dick."
5. Josephine Johnson: "Now in November.
6. Ernest Hemingway: "For Whom the Bell Tolls."
7. Thackeray: "Vanity Fair."
8. Edna Ferber: "So Big."
9. Kenneth Roberts: "Northwest Passage."
10. Edward Noyes Westcott: "David Harum."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ALAN VALENTINE
*President, University of Rochester*




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# The Crostics Club

JUST after you puzzled out Mr. Dooley's sage reflections to the effect that college honorary degrees level all ranks, Elizabeth Toms, New York, inquired as to whether the acrostic should not have read Finley Peter Dunne, and not Peter Finley as it did. In my notebook, copied from the title page of the volume from which I had taken the extract, was Peter Finley, so I assumed that at the time of publication he was known as Peter Finley. My "Oxford Companion," however, gave it as Finley Peter. Thus, too, I note, does the card catalogue of the New York Public Library. The matter is not of great importance, to be sure, but curiously interesting to me. So I stated the case to one of the reference librarians at the Library. In his cursory search he found only that Peter Dunne—he was born without any Finley—and that his mother's name was Finley. It occurred to me that had he as a youth in that Chicago neighborhood assumed Finley instead of Peter, it would scarcely have leveled all ranks, but perhaps have incurred cabbages. Be that as it may, as I haven't an open-shelf library at my disposal here, I wonder whether any of you would like to pursue the matter to a conclusion, especially you in Chicago.

It is fun to note sometimes the different approaches of genius to the same subject. You recall from a recent DC, A. A. Milne's pleasure in eating celery alone to hear its crackling. In less poetic vein, does Ogden Nash in his latest collection, "Good Intentions," reflect:

> Celery raw
> Develops the jaw,
> But celery stewed
> Is more quietly chewed.

Christian Girl, Madison, Ohio, confesses that he has become an addict to the mental stimulus of DCs but—lest we might become too cocky, evidently—he adds, "but about once a month my wife hears me mutter, 'Damn that woman'—and I don't mean my wife."

We don't mind damnation as long as it's not eternal. Which reminds me of an incident in a college bookshop where I chanced to be browsing among the books on the second floor. "Run down stairs to the desk," the manager said, "and you'll hear something of interest to you." There stood a patron, well-known in the town but not to me, who, while asking for that week's issue of the *SRL*, was hurling a torrent of picturesque vituperation at E. S. K. for wasting so much of her good time. When she subsided I invited her to talk over peaceful suggestions! E. S. K.

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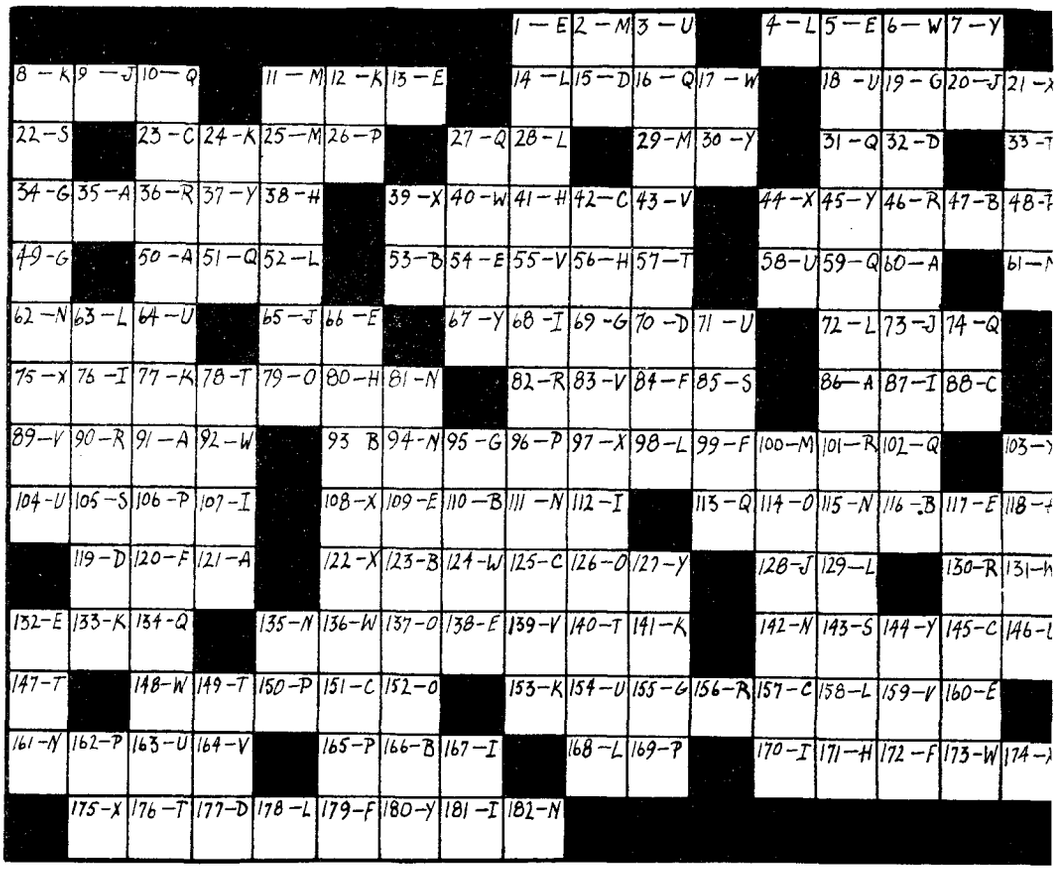


# Double-Crostics: No. 456

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS

**A.** A fidgety, fussy officer (Naut.—slang).

**B.** Resilience.

**C.** Former famous hunting forest in Scotland.

**D.** 1st month. Jewish Ecclesiastical year.

**E.** The owner of a *Hand* in title by Thomas Hardy (1876).

**F.** A miracle.

**G.** Not habituated.

**H.** To appraise.

**I.** Dullards.

**J.** A cooling etesian wind in the Levant.

**K.** Lowbred and presuming.

**L.** Romance by Hardy (1882).

**M.** To disentangle.

**N.** Make amends for.

**O.** Light and dark spirits of Freyr's domain (Norse).

**P.** Going away from port.

**Q.** Beats with a cudgel.

**R.** Wagnerian hero.

**S.** Vandals.

**T.** Without limit.

**U.** King of the Ostrogoths (454-526).

**V.** A vague notion.

**W.** Burying place of Sarah (Bib.)

**X.** To disconcert; impede.

**Y.** To manifest (2 wds.)

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